

## The Man

## About us

There was no need for a roof or even a house with a roof for when it rained the water was so fine it was like dust.

Besides no one wanted a roof so they could gaze up at the night sky and tune into the oneness of creation.

“Twinkle twinkle little star how bright you.....”

Now A Man Zardok had a house as he liked privacy and did not like to just lay down where he was when night came like so many others. There was no need for houses, no one had any nervous systems so didn't feel the wind or soft rain. In fact just outside A Man Zardok's house with no roof a lion was sleeping on the most vivid of light greens coloured soft grass, grass that felt like satin and snuggled into the lion a young boy using the lion as a pillow and company for the night.

Never mind, no one had any stomachs and that included the lion so the boy was perfectly safe.

Now A Man Zardok was expecting company, some special people, friends were coming over to plan their futures. Using his mind A Man Zardok thought up a table with white table cloth; silver cutlery appeared and water fresher and clearer than any Earth mineral spring water.

“Hallo Tintagel, always Tintagel eh?” A Man Zardok and hugged his friend who had arrived.

“Hello handsome,” Nestasha; she was more beautiful than A Man Zardok remembered from behind Tintagel.

“Remember me,” a boy asked entering the house that didn’t have a door, there was no need, thieves lived elsewhere.

“Will you ever grow into a man, or perhaps a girl, always the undecided youth,” A Man Zardok.

Then “Hello,” she was a beautiful woman and hugged A Man Zardok to the jealousy of Nestasha.

“I am sorry; my feelings for A Man are always the same.”

“And mine for you my sweet,” A Man Zardok.

Now they sat down and each from his mind produced succulent food they remembered being their favourite dishes.

And they feasted and had no stomachs or nervous system but the food was served up at the correct temperature and did not burn or scald their flesh and ate till full.

And their flesh was made up of the finest light particles one could see.

“I will return first,” A Man Zardok, “I must be a legend so Nestasha will know who I am before she meets me.”

“I always know who you are dearest as my soul belongs to you.”

“What will you call yourself this time round?” Tintagel, “Nesta perhaps

“I like that, Nesta; I will be called Nesta, what about you A Man Zardok, something big and tough sounding?” Nestasha.

“The Man,” Tintagel.

“To The Man and Nesta, times immortal lovers,”

“Will you be my mother again and you my papa?” The boy asked looking at the other beautiful woman.

“Is it alright Nestasha?” The woman asked.

“I suppose so Vega,” Nestasha a little sulky.

“Nestasha no wonder we must play this same game again and again till you realise jealousy is only a feeling, I like you am making my own responsible decisions, my own progress and we are here tonight to plan our next school when we return,” A Man Zardok chided his wife as she was always his wife when they materialised in the flesh.

“One day I wont agree and be the boy’s wife, he is always after me,” Nestasha.

“Speaking of souls always after you, the evil ones must agree to act in the physical world also,” Tintagel, “I understand missionaries have approached them and offered them again the chance to progress out of their grey lit dimensions into our worlds, soon we will be told if they are coming.”

“Posidoctopus gives me the creeps,” Nestasha shivered.

“He must come, none of us here can act as evil ones, we have progressed beyond that stage in our developments,” A Man Zardok.

Now when all had fallen asleep Nestasha came to A Man Zardok in a room where there was no roof.

“Hug me dearest,” she asked coming to him.

And he did and their bodies dissolved into each other and they became one light and it was like stars coming out of their union and then they parted.

Now why they coupled Tintagel and Vega came together.

“Why don’t you choose me to marry, you wait for no soul mate?” Vega.

“I chose you now and tomorrow I might chose another and I do wait for one, she is late, she has agreed to be a female cyborg for my pleasure on the physical dimension called Wendy,” Tintagel and waited for Vega to make her move.

“Well, she is late so I chose to have union with you Tintagel, come to me,” Vega and the pair met and glowed and became one light as A Man Zardok and Nestasha had for such unions were valued for closeness and love.

And several layers of light below them in a world of darkness and grey light the evil ones had agreed to meet A Man Zardok and the others in the physical dimension called Earth.

And John Calvin was seen speaking to Mr. Knox about predestination on a higher level where the brown dust of a road was as fine as powdered milk and the flowers were of colours never seen on Earth and the colours sang notes also never heard of.

“When I asked people to believe it was that those that go to heaven are predestined to do so,” John Calvin muttered “and the rest to hell.”

“Yes, now we have the likes of Posidocopus escaping when he should suffer for his wrongs till the end of time, what is our God thinking off,” Knox replied shaking his head.

“I hear A Man Zardok is planning to return, has carved himself an empire to rule and given himself alternate roads to follow when he makes a CHOICE,” John Calvin.

“It goes against everything we have taught about predestination,” Knox complained.

And a passing man was hurrying to catch a ship anchored in the sky above; it had sails and no motor and was full of people and the next the man was aboard her and the ship then sped towards A Man Zardok’s house. He had just come from the Library of Memories where he had been looking up what had been written about Earth and her colonies in space. He was called Thesisarus and had decided when he returned with A Man Zardok he would be called Tintagel the Clone and he was late for the dinner party also.

He was pretty glad he was getting another chance to make things right on the physical dimension, everything he was going to do was being planned right now at A Man Zardok’s house by elders come down from higher light levels; glad he would have alternative roads to walk after he made a decision whether right or wrong and knew each road would bring other choices and people he would have agreed to meet at the dinner party.

“Yes it was all predestined but not the way Calvin and Knox said the rest of society was damned to hell, if so, why even bother to go back to school and learn to do things the right way?” Tintagel the Clone thought and liked his new name, it had a ring to it.

“Hello again,” Tintagel the Clone said sitting down next to a handsome girl.

“We are both later, I don't know why we just don't think ourselves to the dinner party,” the girl replied smiling.

“Because going by sip is much more fun, and do you know what you are going to be called this time?” Tintagel asked.

“Wendy, and I am going to be a cyborg and your lover.”

“Fine by me,” and his left hand dissolved into her right hand and they both tingled with pleasure; later when alone they did couple and become one light and sparkle and shine and glow love.

But weren't alone so?